

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. IV. NUMBER 12.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

The World in the Week's News

Wednesday, September 14

Hundreds of lives believed to have been lost and immense property damage done when cyclone sweeps cities on western coast of Mexico.

Patsy Ruth Miller, movie star, stricken with influenza, is rushed from "location" at Mammoth Lake in the Sierras to hospital in Los Angeles.

Typhoon and tidal wave kill 1100 on Japanese coast and wreck shipping.

Thursday, September 15

Isadora Duncan, dancer and anarchist, killed in Nice when shawl about her neck catches in automobile wheel and drags her to street.

Bancitaly announces dividend payment of \$71,000,000, principally in additional stock.

Aviators Brock and Schlee abandon attempt to fly from Japan to Midway Island.

Henry Ford pays \$42,000,000 for rubber lands in Brazil.

Friday, September 16

San Francisco in frenzy awaits arrival of Lindbergh today.

United States Air Board opposes curb of government on citizen airplane flights.

Mme. Alla Nazimova takes out papers as citizen of the United States. She was born in Crimea.

At dedication of new jail in Cook County, President Anton J. Germak of the prison board declares prohibition to blame for increase in prisoners, 148 per cent more cases of insane criminals, and 448 per cent more alcoholic deaths.

Saturday, September 17

Lindbergh lands in San Francisco amidst wild acclaim of immense throngs.

Fred W. Niemann of Woodland robbed and tied to rails of approaching train by bandits, able to break loose just before train arrives. Is in serious condition from shock and superhuman effort to save self.

Sunday, September 18

William G. McAdoo withdraws from race for Democratic nomination for President, leaving Governor Al. Smith of New York the most popular candidate. McAdoo announces he will oppose Smith.

American Legion opens convention in Paris when Henry W. Savage, national commander, delivers impassioned address

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Radio Artists Coming to Carmel in Unique Concert

A unique and interesting event is the coming to The Theatre of The Golden Bough on Sunday afternoon, September 25, of four celebrated radio artists in person. The famous baritone, E. Harold Dana; the well known violinist, Signor Antonio de Grassi; the splendid pianist, Madame Rosalind Borowski, are the distinguished persons of the trio.

The management of the theater would like to correct an impression that has gone out that this is to be just an enlarged radio concert with a large amplifier. It is the personal appearance of three well known artists, who have given many programs over KTAB and other stations, that makes the event significant.

E. Harold Dana is the leading baritone of the National Broadcasting Station, and was acclaimed by Titto Ruffio as the greatest baritone on the Pacific Coast. Signor Antonio de Grassi's work is so well known that it is unnecessary to do more than say he is coming. Madame Borowski, sister of the composer, Felix

Borowski, has come recently to San Francisco from London, where she had success in many concert appearances, according to the San Francisco Chronicle of September 18. "Delightful grace and daintiness of touch," said the London Daily Telegraph. "Unfailing command of the pianoforte," commented the Morning Post when she appeared on the concert platform. Madame Borowski has had many appearances as soloist with symphony orchestras where she always received great commendation for the finish of her ensemble. The scholar Busoni singled her out as a child; saying he would return "to hear the little girl play again".

The bay newspapers have noted the appearance in Carmel of these KTAB artists and reservations have been made at the box office for several cars of people from out of town. Sherman, Clay & Company are sending from San Jose a grand piano for Madame Borowski to play upon.

The program follows:

Kreutzer Sonata Beethoven
(First movement)

ANTONIO de GRASSI and ROSALIND BOROWSKI

Eliland, Song Cycle Alexander von Fielitz
(A monk in a gloomy cell resigns his life to God in heaven, but sings of Ermingard, a count's sweet child, "to make her a nun, they brought her.")

E. HAROLD DANA

Seguidilla Albeniz
Caprice Espagnol Moszkowski

ROSALIND BOROWSKI

On the Wings of Song Mendelssohn-Achorn
Arabian Love Song Antonio de Grassi
Jeunesse Joyeuse Antonio de Grassi

ANTONIO de GRASSI

Where Ere You Walk Handel
Cradle Song Ries
Water Boy Negro Spiritual
On the Road to Mandalay (By request) Speaks

E. HAROLD DANA

Nocturne, E flat Chopin
La Coquette Borowski

ROSALIND BOROWSKI

(Turn to Page Five)

World Events

(Continued from Page One)

at tomb of the unknown soldier.

Elfie Fay, star in musical shows of a decade or two ago, dies in Hollywood.

Monday, September 19

Wallace Beery film comedian, sued for Golden Gate in 51 minutes 9 seconds in San Francisco Chronicle's annual swim event.

Wallace Beery, film comedian, sued for million dollars by Juanita Montanya, who charges that he assaulted her and is the father of her unborn baby.

Grant P. Chapman, 21 year old Oakland boy, loses his life in San Joaquin river after saving girl from drowning.

Tuesday, September 20

San Francisco board of supervisors fix tax rate at \$3.80, including 14 cents for school needs.

Paris cheers and weeps as members of American Legion march in stirring parade.

A project involving more than two million dollars has been started with the re-opening of a group of famous California gold mines of the original "Mother Lode", located at Angels Camp and Melones, Calaveras county.

Plan for Children's Theater in Carmel

PLANS for the establishment of a Children's Theater at the Arts and Crafts theater were brought before the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association at its meeting last Wednesday by Mrs. Phil K. Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon's plan is to have a theater dedicated to the children, and let them do the work. The mechanically inclined will attend to the lighting, the literary ones will write the plays, and others will make the costumes. Capable people are to direct the children and be in charge of them on Friday and Saturday afternoons.

It is proposed to have four plays a year which will be open to the public. A Christmas pantomime or play, one in the Forest Theater in the summer, which will be chosen from the work of the children themselves, one in the Spring and one in the Fall.

This was the first meeting of the association for the fall term and dues are now payable for the coming year. Mrs. Carl Mathias read the treasurer's report, and said that the balance due on the school piano is \$200. The recreation committee which handled the dances in the auditorium during the summer months reported that the dances had been a great success, and that the receipts had gone to the piano fund. Next Saturday there will be a meeting of the County Council at the grammar school in Monterey and the Carmel mem-

bers are urged to attend.

The local board members for the coming year are Mrs. Kent Clark, Mrs. Kenneth MacCleish, Mrs. Grant Wallace, Mrs. Paul Flanders, Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. Carl Mathias, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Ira Miller, Mrs. Margaret Tooley, Mrs. Harry Sheppard, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. William L. Overstreet, Mrs. Robert Leidig and Miss Ida Curtis.

"LUCKY SAM McCARVER" IS COMING TO GOLDEN BOUGH

Announcement has been made by Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous, managers of The Theatre of The Golden Bough, that the second play of the theater's subscription season will be "Lucky Sam McCarver", by Sidney Howard, to be produced by The Pendragon Players of Palo Alto on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, October 8 and 9.

TOM BICKLE HOPPED AWAY AND HOPPED BACK AGAIN

Tom Bickle started on his vacation from Carmel on September 1; on September 3 he was in Vancouver; from September 5 to 12 he was up in the Canadian mountains hunting, and on September 16 he was filling prescriptions again in the Palace Drug store on Ocean avenue. He says he overstayed his two-weeks' vacation one day, but that wasn't so bad at that.

He motored to San Francisco and with L. Lowry, a friend of 20 years, at the stick, he airplaned to Vancouver. He packed into the mountains with a party a distance of some forty miles, and spent seven days in there hunting. He left Vancouver by airplane on September 14 and was home here in Carmel two days

later, motoring up from San Francisco.

Tom won't tell what he got with his gun in the Rockies. "I'm not doing any talking," he says. "I'm having some of the skins sent here." So!

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Man Terrorizes Town By Attacks on Women

CHIEF of Police Gus Englund and a corps of assistants were busy early Sunday morning in the effort to locate a man who had been terrorizing the neighborhood below El Camino Real and south of Ocean avenue. His presence was first brought to the chief's attention when it was reported that he had accosted a woman walking up from the beach in the evening. Later, while Gus was searching the neighborhood, a call came in that a suspicious character was prowling about a private sanitarium on Carmelo street. When Chief of Police Englund investigated this he was called to La Playa hotel where a maid had been carried from a near-by residence after she had screamed for help. The same man had attacked her and beaten her about the face and head. Her clothing was badly torn. She gave a good description of her assailant and Chief Englund later arrested two men on suspicion, but they were later able to prove alibis.

Mrs. Thomas J. Field Dies in Monterey

MRS. THOMAS J. FIELD, member of one of the old Spanish families on the Peninsula, died Sunday at the family home in Monterey, "La Granja", in which she was born on January 13, 1854.

Mrs. Field was a descendant of the Count de Conques of Spain and her father, Raphael Danglada, came to California in 1850. He married Maria Antonia Munras, granddaughter of Esteban Munras, who was in the diplomatic service of King Ferdinand VII of Spain. The Munras family have made history in California to which they came in 1820. Large Spanish grants of land in the vicinity of Soledad are still in the possession of the family.

Before her marriage in 1882, as Catalina Danglada, she was graduated from Notre Dame college in San Jose, and was one of the famous belles of the northern part of the state. She is survived by her husband; one son, Esteban (Steve), and a daughter, Maria Antonia. The Right Reverend Monsignor Ramon M. Mestres will officiate at the requiem high mass in San Carlos church this morning.

Grace Borroughs Dance Recital Pleases Many

GRACE BORROUGHS faced a considerable handicap Sunday afternoon at the Theatre of The Golden Bough in her sincere effort to present an interesting and beautiful dance program, and to many in the audience, despite the odds against her, she signally succeeded. She was mightily handicapped by poor accompaniment and she was shamefully han-

dicapped by a minority group among those she came to Carmel to entertain, who were actually rude and discourteous, not only to the artist, but to those who had come to see her and give her the support and sympathetic encouragement that is apparently limited to the cultured.

It is a pity that a dancer of such charm as Grace Borroughs should have had such poor accompaniment, but it might be said for the accompanist that she, too, was affected by the discourtesy of some in the audience. But withal there were parts of Miss Borroughs' program that were extremely delightful. Especially was the last half of it inspiring. Her "Sudanese" was particularly charming, when she called Francisca Carilla Vallejo, composer of the music, to play it over again for her, and she danced it with vigor and charm. "The Water Carrier", one of the East Indian group, which she danced only by movements of her feet, was an innovation and unusually appealing. Her "Supplication", danced to the accompaniment of drums, was perhaps the most impressive number on the program.

—L. T.

PRESIDIO POLO TEAM VICTOR
The Monterey Presidio Polo Team has

played four games in the North-West and has won them all. It defeated Boise 14 to 7.



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RADIO ARTISTS IN PERSON

E. Harold Dana, Baritone
Antonio De Grassi, Violinist
Rosalind Borowski, Pianist

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

SEPT. 25

4 o'clock

ADMISSION, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, PLUS TAX

CARMEL^{THE} CYMBAL

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Official newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea by act of the City Council July 5, 1927.

PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. ERIC WILKINSON, who has been travelling in the East and Canada for the past four months, returned to town on Saturday night. She attended the Wilson-Bullard wedding in Cleveland. Major Wilkinson, who has been in Tahiti, will return the end of the month. They have taken the Gale house in the Eighty Acres for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, who have been in Europe for several months, recently arrived in Paris from the Mediterranean. They will be in Paris for a few weeks, going on to visit Mr. Haldorn's sister, Mrs. Tarn MacGrew and Mr. MacGrew at their country home on the Marne.

Miss Sally Maxwell is in San Francisco for a week or ten days. At the Tuesday night request performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her place was taken by Miss Mary Shallue, who came down from San Francisco to play Topsy.

Mrs. A. S. Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce and Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Streestrup of San Francisco spent the week-end at Pebble Beach.

Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Walter T. Merrill, who have been visiting Major and Mrs. John Starkey at the Monterey Presidio for a few days, have taken a cottage in Carmel for several weeks. At the expiration of his leave Colonel Merrill accompanied by Mrs. Merrill and their two children will sail for Honolulu.

Miss Beatrice Cardwell of Pittsfield is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. T. Pillsbury, at Del Monte, and has been the inspiration for many charming affairs of the younger set. She took part in the amateur movie

made here with Anita Reiners in the leading role. Mrs. Pillsbury entertained at tea one day last week for the cast of the movie.

Mrs. Helen Wilson returned from San Francisco today. Her mother, Grace Mac Gowan Cooke, and her aunt, Alice Mac Gowan, who have been at Dutch Flat for several months, returned to Carmel with her.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt have received cards from San Francisco announcing the birth of Miss Alicia Orcutt last week.

Miss Kissam Johnson and her mother, who have been on a motor trip North, have returned to their home in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Kinsey and Master Thorne Kinsey are coming down from San Francisco today and will be the guests of Professor and Mrs. George Boke.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Parker Kendall have returned to their home in Sacramento after a honeymoon of several weeks spent on the Peninsula.

Marian Todd entertained a group of her friends informally on Saturday evening at her home on Santa Lucia when some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Neb Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Panteleieff, who are going to San Francisco for the winter, left last Wednesday. They stayed in Carmel this summer with Professor and Mrs. Francis Lloyd.

Miss Jane Overton left on Monday for Palo Alto where she will attend Castelleja School.

Mrs. Fennell entertained at luncheon on Monday when her guests were Mesdames Samuel A. Bixby, Mollie Steadman, Halsted Yates and H. Ransome.

Mrs. Willard V. B. Campbell left early this week for Kansas City and will be away for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bachelor are in the Eric Pedley house in Pebble Beach for two months.

Mrs. Halsted Yates is at Paraiso Springs for the remainder of the week.

Mrs. S. A. Bixby, and her houseguest, Mrs. Steadman, are leaving this week for the South, where they will remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Halsted Yates asked several of their friends for dinner and bridge one night last week. Those who enjoyed the evening were Messrs. and Mesdames Robert Welles Ritchie, Tad Stinson, S.

A. Bixby, Paul Whitman, Mrs. Yodee Remsen, George Stutsman and Leslie Le Cron.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boisot, who have a cottage at Del Monte, have returned there from a trip to the National Parks in California. They were away about six weeks.

Mrs. Edward A. Kluegel and Miss Catherine Corrigan are motoring to San Francisco on Saturday to attend the extra performance Sunday of Tristan and Isolde.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker of Pebble Beach who have been entertaining Mrs. Frank Vanderslip and her son, Mr. Frank A. Vanderslip, Jr. for some time, are at their apartment in San Francisco for the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mays spent the week-end in San Francisco.

Professor Karl Rendtorff came down from Palo Alto and with Mrs. Rendtorff and his daughter, Gertrude, are occupying their Carmel home for some time.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker of Pebble Beach and San Francisco, who left for New York a fortnight ago, sailed for Europe on Thursday last. His opera, which was produced in San Francisco and Paris last year, will be again given in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hartley left recently for a motor trip across the country, and Mrs. Harry Sheppard has taken their home on The Point for several months.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Bishop and their son, Herbert, who have been in the Dennis house on El Camino Real for the summer months, have returned to their home in Pasadena.

Mrs. Arnold Waybur, who has been in town with her mother, Mrs. Stanton, for some time, has left for her home in Sacramento.

John Wiley of Beverly Hills and Herbert Day of Los Angeles visited friends in Carmel Tuesday.

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Radio Artists' Program

(Continued from Page One)

Ave Maria Schubert
 Gypsy Airs Sarasate

ANTONIO de GRASSI

Rosalind Borowski at the piano

Four Letters

Dear Mr. Bassett:

When my husband and I were at The Golden Bough Sunday afternoon we thought we were back in pre-war Paris, with this difference, that Miss Borroughs in her short talk before the performance showed that she possesses a background of culture and exquisite breeding that the most talented European artist generally lacked, or, perhaps, it would be fairer to say, that in the latter's case it was only a veneer.

With Miss Borroughs it is the genuine article. The whole performance was exquisite from beginning to end. The settings, the atmosphere, the costumes, the dancing itself. There was only one fault to find and that was not with Miss Borroughs herself; her pianist was mechanical and the artist must have been aware of it herself since she requested someone else to play one number over again for her.

To return to a description of our own personal actions, we were thankful to Carmel for the opportunity of spending an afternoon which made us forget the hideous crudities of the post-war era and fostered our belief that they may not last forever.

Sincerely,
 —YVONNE K. NAVAS-REY

* * *
 Los Angeles, California.

The Carmel Cymbal,
 Gentlemen:

I have experienced some difficulty in the delivery of my Cymbal because it has not been addressed correctly. Will you be so kind as to compare my correct address with your record and make any necessary corrections. My friends and I enjoy The Cymbal so much that we hate to have it a single day late, let alone missing an entire number of it.

Yours truly,
 MARGARETTA STEVENSON

* * *
 Editor, The Carmel Cymbal,
 Dear Sir:

The Serra Pilgrimage Committee of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce wishes to express its keen gratitude for the close cooperation of The Cymbal in broadcasting the events of the three-day fete.

The committee feels that The Cymbal was an important factor in the success of the pilgrimage and pageant. It is partic-

ularly appreciative of the advertisement carried in your edition of September 7.

Very Truly Yours,
 SERRA PILGRIMAGE COMMITTEE,
 James G. Merbs,
 Director of Publicity.

Dear W. K.:

If, in your abandoned career, you never do anything better in the writing line than your Circle of Enchantment editorial, be of good cheer. Only occasionally

does the writing worm catch a flicker of the light that burns between the worlds.

Yours,

BOB RITCHIE

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Eric Wilkinson Heavily Enjoying South Seas

Papeete, Tahiti

DEAR Cymbal:

For the past week my fellow wanderer and I have been living at Kean's hotel some 30 miles from Papeete—at least, it is called an hotel, but it is really a large native house with two or three spare rooms and we live as part of the family. Kean himself is the son of a British cavalry officer and a Tahitian princess. Madame Kean is 75 per cent Tahitian—a duchess probably—anyway she has the bearing of a grande-dame of some high title. The rest of the family consists of their progeny, a round dozen at least, with a few cousins or near relatives added for good measure. No Tahitian would consider feeding less than twenty, if he has enough provender—if he hasn't he tries to, and the results are wonderful. I give herewith last night's menu for supper which is not the biggest meal of the day:

Plantain soup
Oysters
Octopus stew and whitebait fritters
Curried prawns and chicken
Breadfruit
Poipoi
Coffee, (au lait du coconut—there is no fresh milk)

It will be seen that the sea provides most of the menu, and of course we have been out fishing, which is the popular and profitable pastime here. Generally we fish from the canoe—it requires some knack to handle an outrigger at first—but we can now travel two or three hundred yards without making more than two or three complete circles en route. Besides, the fishing is interesting; one never knows what one will hook next and Pelti and I make it more exciting by gambling on the next victim: i. e. whether plain, spot, or colored. "Plain" is a fish of not more than three colors; those having more are deemed "colored". Big odds are offered against the plain. Then there is that favorite pastime of the Tahitian: spearing something or other, from coconuts to wild pigs, sharks to prawns. No well equipped house has less than twenty varieties of spear at least. Without a spear the Tahitian would certainly starve. So far we are not very proficient, although we have had a certain amount of success with prawns and Octopi. Prawning is really quite good fun. They inhabit the fresh-water creeks in considerable numbers and one attacks them with a small seven-pronged javelin. Provided one allows for refraction and the fact that the prawn generally moves backwards when alarmed, one may get one in fifty attempts. Aoreaa, the youngest daughter of the family, aged nine, can average about four out of five, but she is very patient with us. Octopus spearing is more a matter of patience and determination—when "pussy" is located, that is. To do this one drifts about on

top of the bigger reefs, banging the side of the canoe with a paddle. The octopus, intrigued with curiosity by the row, peers out of his hole for a look-see, but promptly scenting danger, he retires hurriedly back into his den and digs in. Then the procedure is to jump out of the canoe—the water is only about two feet deep on the reefs—and after a few tentative jabs with a spear into the hole, to discourage pussy from emerging; to dig out his hole with a heavy crowbar, and then pry him loose—some job in the case of a reluctant six-footer. Generally the octopus prefers to fight it out, but some get yellow and "beat it", and there ensues a frantic and futile chase after him, until Mauu, the local fisherman and our guide and mentor, who usually accompanies us when wishing for amusement, overtakes us all and with a single nonchalant poke of his spear, ends the chase. Ten or twelve pussies make a good morning's work—and food for our large family for two days. When pounded and stewed in coconut milk there is nothing better.

What with bathing, generally with the ubiquitous spear in the hope of striking something—and hope dies hard with us—fishing on the reefs or rivers with spear and line, the days pass very quickly and at night we are glad to rest and sing. It is curious how pretty "Yes, sir, that's my baby" can sound when accompanied by ukuleles and sung—in Tahitian.

Once a week we all doll up—that is, we discard our pareus for shirt and trousers while the girls (our family is of the elite) put on shoes and stockings as well as—other things, and with tiare wreaths in lieu of hat (which make Pelti and myself feel like dissolute Roman emperors) we set out for the local movie and "Box Fight". Despite the fact that the movies are never less than ten years old and the boxing is merely a slugging contest between the local champs of the different districts, there is no better entertainment. We are the only pure whites there as a rule, while every man, woman and child of the two districts of Papeari and Terivao turns up en fete, and a very goodly sight they are. Outside the "theatre"—a thatched barn—are the equivalent of hot-dog stands: little tables illuminated by flaring torches and laden with Papeari-nuts fei, and coconuts, where for a full

hour before the doors are open Tane and Vahine discuss the social topics and scandal of the past week, always picturesque, always happy, and always laughing. They laugh easily, too!

However feeble the picture it is received with one continuous scream of laughter throughout—perhaps the interpreter who translates the sub-titles into Tahitian assists the humor, certainly he improves it considerably. Euhea, who speaks a little French, sometimes tells us the joke, but generally she giggles with the crowd and is discreetly silent—from which we infer that the wit is of the smoking room or Rabelaisian variety. And so the days pass pleasantly by, yet not entirely without thorns. The two drawbacks are sun-burn and coral. Sunburn can be easily treated by coconut oil, but coral necessitates iodine in heavy doses. The natives are apparently immune to coral, but the slightest scratch on the white man is apt to fester—hence we wear shoes when fishing from the canoe or wading on the reefs, especially after a recent mishap when Pelti overturned the outrigger while trying to jerk his hook out of the reef. Luckily, for we were barefooted, we kept our heads and diving under the outrigger boom, struck out for deep water where we paddled about while Mauu, shrieking with laughter as usual, righted and bailed out the canoe and then fished us aboard. However, it is not necessary to wear shoes when we wish simply to bathe, for close to the house is a strip of sand shelving down suddenly within a few feet of the shore to a depth of thirty feet, where the coral cannot be reached, at least not by us. With a pair of water glasses over one's eyes it is great fun to dive down and jab

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Monterey

at the rainbow fish under water—one gets more thrill out of spearing a fish out of water than landing a 50-pound salmon on a rod from a boat or bank. Moreover we can now stay under almost twenty seconds.

There is a joyous freedom from convention as far as wearing apparel is concerned here. Except for the "movie" night I live in a bathing suit of the two-piece variety. The trunks are ample for breakfast and lunch, and it is so simple to dress for dinner—I just don the top half—not as a sop to the proprieties, but for protection against the mosquitos on my sunburn. Peltu prefers the pareu, but then he has a comfortable figure and has learnt to tie it securely. Ever since a particularly distressing incident one night at dinner when, leaving my chair in search of cigarettes, I left my pareu behind, I have kept to my bathing trunks—they may not be so voluminous, but they are at least secure. Comfortable as this "hotel" is, there is no plumbing or privacy. One soon gets used to this, however. Moreover, everybody's bedroom is a short cut to some other part of the house, and the Tahitian is naturally lazy about walking. At first one misses ice, but we have devised a cocktail which is almost as good without ice; so good, in fact, that we call it "Aita Apea", the Non-Stop, i. e. one never stops at one, although it is inadvisable to take more than four or five before dinner, or lunch. To use the latest English, it is really very worthy, but I will refrain from giving the prescription; there is no use in being spiteful.

As the whole of Tahiti gravitates to the city of Papeete for the fete we decided to join in, consequently the Thirteenth of July found us at 6 a. m. in the company of an excited crowd of natives in gala dress together with about three tons of copra and fei on board the perioo or mail-passenger-freight bus, travelling between Papeete and Terivao. Ten a. m. found us at the Fataaia or race course, some three kilometers the other side of Papeete, watching the opening of the Bastille celebration with the competition in drill and physical jerks between the district schools. Whatever the intellectual training may be, the physical is beyond reproach and the perfect harmony and rhythm of the various exercises is amazing. That evening Johnny Pare, our landlord, obtained grandstand seats for us at the preliminary rounds of the Himene singing and Hula dancing contests. The Himene at first sounds rather monotonous, but after a while the infectious rhythm grows upon one, even though the melody is more or less restricted to about four notes in all. Each district is led by its local impressario assisted by the local operatic star, a male alto, who runs up and down the falsetto scale in a not unmusical minor whenever the spirit moves him—which is frequent, depending more or less on the quantity of beer he has consumed recently—more or less in harmony with the chorus of men and girls

of his troupe. The hulas are even more hula-ish than those of Honolulu, and depend for their excellence on the agility of every part of the body except the feet. One can understand the excellent digestion which Tahitian ladies possess after viewing the perpetual motion of their abdomens in this form of exercise. The Grand Ball of the fete was a distinct disappointment. The jeune fille who would not hesitate to live for a week or so with her adored one of the moment, would not dream of going to a public ball without her chaperone, who out-Grundys Mrs. Grundy in the observance of the proprieties which are numerous and somewhat obscure to the visitor. No matter how often he may have clasped her to his bosom in private (and private means any time anywhere but at an official gathering) the young man of Tahiti would not dream of so much as touching the arm of his adored when escorting her back to her chaperone, which he does immediately a dance is over and where she sits demurely until the music starts again. A little more liberty is granted to Madame, but she is so engrossed in watching for an overt act on the part of Monsieur that taken all in all the Grand Ball has about as much joie de vivre as a morgue. But how different the little dances at the various booths, or barbecues, as they are called, which are held on all the other nights of the fete week! There you see the Tahitian at play, happy, laughing, and, openly, loving! On Saturday we went to the little dancing floor of Toni's and there we realised the true motto of the Tahitians, "Momento Mori!", and there we reflected that the rest of the world might be better off if it, too, remembered that life is short and well worth living. At midnight the booths were closed, but the party I was with, who were apparently all related to the royal family, a not surprising coincidence considering royalty flourish like the green bay tree here, persuaded me to join in a native party somewhere on the island. Owing to the darkness of the night the speed of the car in which we drove, and, last but not least, the abundance of champagne, I am somewhat vague as to the exact location, but it was somewhere about 18 miles miles either East or West of Papeete.

On arrival at our destination, somebody or other's native house, I think the local chief's, the main room was cleared for action and after some more champagne—20 francs, or roughly, 80 cents a bottle—we settled down to more dancing which became gradually more joyous and more unconventional as the night advanced, or, rather, the day, for it was 2 a. m. when we arrived. And how the Tahitian girl can dance! With one exception the girls in our party, some eight or nine of them, were 50 per cent or more Tahitian (there are few, if any, 100 per centers) and they were adept in following even a strange partner. This is not surprising considering their method of holding, which might

be briefly described as very close indeed, so close that one's partner has to follow—in fact, one can't move if she doesn't. After a few preliminary fox-trots and one-step to warm up, so to speak, the inevitable hula was indulged in by all, except ourselves—the tenderfeet, that is, and with us it was a case of ignorance and inability.

However, judging from the enthusiastic offers of tuition, ignorance will be a somewhat doubtful alibi in the future. As the night came to a close the party became more and more joyous and unconventional, until weary, but unconquered in spirit, we were forced to realise that the dawn had come and after the local equivalent of ham and eggs, poipoi and bananas, we regretfully drove back to Papeete and civilization, more or less, and bed. Sunday was dutifully spent in rest and contemplation, much needed—the rest, hardly less enjoyable, even though the I mean—but the night was a repetition, novelty was lacking, and it was with a feeling of wistful regret that the fete was over, that we drove back to Kean's for a week of recuperation. And yet, although we have only stayed here for one short week, it was like returning home, such was the friendly welcome and genuine delight at our return.

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Notes and Comment

WE noticed yesterday one of the cleverest signs we have yet seen chalked on the back of a delapidated Ford. It read: "I do not choose to run in 1928."

LITTLE ads. in The Cymbal cost ten cents a line, but we are publishing free the following one which we found in The Billboard in an effort to help a few of our friends about town who undoubtedly can qualify, to permanent and lucrative jobs merely for the price of a telegram:

WANTED

TOM PEOPLE—Phineas, Legree, Tom, Ophelia, Eva. Join on wire. **GEORGE CASH**. Terminal Hotel, Waverly, N.Y.

We don't know if there is anything delightfully significant about the "Cash".

IN the current issue of Motor Land we came upon a picture of two men about a camp fire. One of them has apparently just jumped to his feet and grabbed his rifle. The caption says: "The pungent tang of the morning fire—the glory and the silence of dawn in the high country—and then the glimpse of a wary buck of the hills in the timber—brother, that's living!" And we couldn't help but wonder how the buck would feel about it in another minute. "And this is dying!" would probably be his mute comment. Men are peculiar things.

LAST week we referred to the statement of some so-called "gland specialist" who declared that if he could operate on the children of the world he could create a "new and mighty" human race. We wonder if something couldn't be done to a few mothers toward the saving of the race we already have. Last week a mother was impatiently tugging her child along Monte Verde street. The little girl was about eight years old. She had probably deciphered the headlines on a newspaper. "Mamma, who's Lindy?" she asked. There was no answer, but another tug. "Mamma, who's Lindy?" the child repeated. The mother turned angrily: "Oh, he's just a man," she answered, "Come along." Now, honestly, shouldn't something be done about that.

A PROPOS of that old saw about "there's so much good in the worst of us, etc.", Fred Bechdolt told us

an interesting tale the other day. Bechdolt has among his acquaintances, and, we believe, his friends, several gentlemen who are indefinitely detained for one reason or another in the penal institutions of the state. One of these is a full-fledged and inveterate bank robber. Not so long ago Bechdolt received from this professional gentleman, now temporarily a ward of the state, a letter, in which he said that he and one of his pals "were down your way" recently looking over the ground to see if there was a job they might "pull" in Monterey, Pacific Grove or Carmel. "But I decided against it," the letter read, "I just couldn't have such a beautiful section of the country down on me."

GENERALLY the so-called comedies staged by the Romig and Davis company every Sunday night at the Golden State Theater in Monterey are of a very low order as regards the slap-stick humor, but last Sunday night the offering was so cheap and vulgar that young girls found themselves considerably embarrassed in the presence of their boy friends. We would suggest that the busy moral censors of the Peninsula look in on a Sunday night on the Golden State and decide if something can't be done about it. And while we make the suggestion we are reminded that the manager of the Golden State last year refused to consider the production of Ted Kuster's dramatic and artistic masterpiece, "They Knew What They Wanted" because he said it would injure his theater among the better class of people in Monterey. It is to laugh, heartily.

PARTICULARLY to those who were directly annoyed and in general to the managers of the Theatre of The Golden Bough, The Cymbal offers a sincere apology for the presence in the Grace Borroughs audience Sunday afternoon of Neville Brush. We never could abide the discourtesy and lack of breeding that are manifest in deliberate annoyance of those seated about one in a place of entertainment, and as long as we edit this newspaper, it certainly shall not be countenanced in the name of The Carmel Cymbal. Neville Brush entered the Theatre of The Golden Bough on a ticket issued to The Cymbal. He will never so enter again.

And there were others in that audience last Sunday, practically all of whom have appeared on the stage in Carmel, or are connected with dramatic productions here, who conducted themselves in a manner which, if the positions were reversed, would have discountenanced them greatly. If only from the standpoint of personal protection they should have known better.

IN justifiable curiosity and thinking of our two-dollar business license tax, we would propound the following three questions to our mayor and city

councilmen. Gentlemen, we ask you:

Do you actually intend to squander \$3,500 of the people's money on two lots down in a hole at Seventh and Mission streets that have an assessed valuation of \$565, and couldn't be worth more than \$2,000 at best?

Are you really planning to pave with concrete Santa Lucia street and, later, Scenic Drive, against the desires, wishes and supplications of the people both particularly and generally interested?

How long are you going to permit the overflow of that cess pool on Carpenter street and its consequent ruin of the pavement the property owners on that street were so unjustly made to pay for?

These are nice clean questions; in clear 10-point type, easily read, and most easily understood. And they are not question on which we, editorially speaking, have a corner. There are hundreds of people throughout Carmel who would like them answered; there are hundreds who some way or another are going to insist that you answer them, and forthwith. The people of Carmel are getting mightily sick of your method of running the affairs of this town and there are movements afoot right now that will most effectively convey that fact to you before many more moons have waxed and waned.

It is bad enough that you contemplate

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any further extension of concrete paving in Carmel to the extent that you would so "improve" San Carlos street, but the plan to pave Santa Lucia is actually hideous and if we read the temper of the people aright, we would hate to be the contracting company that tries it, even on your order. And the Scenic Drive idea is unbelievable. If you don't agree with us make a definite move in that direction and see what happens to you.

The proposal to purchase two forty-foot lots at Seventh and Mission for \$3,500 for a place to put the city's street equipment is, of course, the height of absurdity; not only because of the exorbitant price placed on the property, but also because it is ridiculous to buy that much land for what machinery we have now, or are likely to have in any near future. And besides, you would have to buy another tractor to pull it up out of that hole if you did purchase it.

The Carpenter street situation is about as serious as the other two. If you know anything about concrete roads you know that that cement up there won't stand the undermining it's getting very long. Why not do something with that funny ditch which was apparently dug merely as a gesture? It will help a little, although turning aside that constant flow of water now will not repair the damage you have already let it do. We admit that we don't see anything very beautiful about Carpenter street and its concrete, but it is there and the people had to pay for it, and it has only been in use a year and a half. It forms a part of your responsibility and there isn't much indication that you are giving it much of a thought.

* * *

MR. DEMPSEY and Mr. Tunney have an altercation tomorrow in Chicago and some three millions of dollars in coin of the realm of the United States will be paid by those who desire to be eye-witnesses to the furtherance of it and the result. From developments in the past two days it would seem that the affair is to be something more than a formal prize fight. Mr. Dempsey, a few hours ago, took his pen in hand, or let his fingers holding it be guided by another, and said some rather nasty things about Mr. Tunney and the alleged attempt to frame the referee in their fight a year ago. It was a long letter and a spiteful one. Mr. Dempsey admitted that he was beaten fairly and squarely at that time by Mr. Tunney, but he flat-footedly declared that if the referee had not been changed in the hours just preceding the fight he would have been beaten, but not fairly. Now, the two gentlemen may shake hands prefunctorily tomorrow when they walk to the center of the ring, but we doubt it. The edge is, however, put on the battle because of the personal enmity Mr. Dempsey has injected into the affair. That should make it nicer for the gentlemen who are paying the three millions of dollars.

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The Catacombs Right Here in California

(From The Scientific American)

THE rock-hewn tombs of Palestine and the catacombs of ancient Rome are visited by all tourists, but few people are aware that near Fresno, California, we have a modern counterpart. A series of 60 underground rooms have been excavated as a refuge from the summer heat and for the regulation of the ripening and drying of fruit. This series of grottos now covers an area of ten acres. It underlies an orchard of oranges, peaches, and figs and vineyards. Baldassare Forestierre, the builder, is a native of Italy, who came to America years ago and obtained a ranch of 70 acres near Fresno. Here he began the building of the caves, a task to which he has devoted most of the past 20 years. He has worked steadily and lived in this unusual residence, doing only enough ranch work to provide a livelihood for himself and funds for his project. Today he has a place unique in the western world and comparable only with the famous wine cellars of France and of his native Italy. He now plans to double the size of his underground retreat, making it 120 rooms. It will include, if his dream is realized, a hotel, restaurant, garage and dance hall—a miniature dream-city beneath the surface of the ground. Some parts of the caves are already two stories beneath the surface and are accessible not only on foot, but by automobiles, which may be driven down an artistic driveway lined with orange trees in beautifully constructed niches. Forestierre, a natural horticulturist, has experimented with all kinds of trees and grape vines not only on the surface but beneath it as well, so that one of the wonders of the place is the sight of orange, lemon and grapefruit trees growing sturdily two stories beneath the level of the state highway. Light and air for these subterranean trees are admitted through holes in the domed ceilings which open upon the ground and through which sufficient sunlight streams for healthy growth. In other sections of the caverns where light without sunlight is essential, the openings are cunningly shaded by grape vines. Outside the temperature may vary from 30 degrees in mid-winter to 110 degrees in midsummer, but underneath the temperature never goes below 55 degrees in winter or above 80 degrees in summer.

PAULINE FREDERICK IN "DEVIL'S ISLAND" AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

The Theatre of The Golden Bough is showing one of Pauline Frederick's most interesting and worthwhile pictures on Friday and Saturday, September 23 and 24, "Devil's Island". Off the coast of South America is Devil's Island, the French penal colony, perhaps the least known land in all civilization today. Dev-

il's Island is the first motion picture ever made there, and many months of research were consumed by the author before she was satisfied that she had correctly pictured this strange and little known land of griefs and sorrows. In addition to Miss Frederick the cast includes several well known players. George Lewis portrays the role of her son, born a prisoner, who rises to untold heights through his surgical genius. Opposite him is Marian Nixon. Richard Tucker, John Miljan and William Dunn have important parts.

On Friday and Saturday, September 30 and October 1, will be shown "The Non-Stop Flight", the navy plane PNPS in authentic dash to Hawaii. On Sunday and Monday, October 2 and 3, the scenario written and directed by Charles Chaplin, "A Woman of Paris", featuring Adolph Menjou and Edna Purviance, will be on the screen. This is the famous picture that made Menjou and placed him firmly in the cinema sky.

AT THE MANZANITA

Today, September 21, "The Notorious Lady", with Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford. Thursday and Friday, September 22 and 23, "The Rough Riders", with Noah Beery, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft and Mary Astor. Saturday, September 24, "Satan Town", with Harry Carey. Sunday, September 25, "Black Diamond Express", with Monte Blue. Monday and Tuesday, September 26 and 27, "The Callahans and the Murphys", with Sally O'Neill, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Lawrence Crew.

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THE PANTELEIEFFS: AN APPRECIATION

THE SERIES of concerts at the Greene Studio is over, and the Panteleieffs, now in San Francisco, have left behind them here a host of friends and admirers, and, in the hearts of the bereft music lovers, an awakened interest and a gleam of hope for the future.

Very sincere thanks are due Dr. and Mrs. Francis Lloyd for being instrumental in bringing to us from Montreal these two singers. Mrs. Lloyd's interest in Russian music had led to a close friendship with the Panteleieffs and she persuaded them last spring to drive out to the coast, together with Francis Lloyd, Jr. and Chester Adams, one of Max Panteleieff's pupils.

After singing in a few private homes, the Panteleieffs, with Thomas Vincent Cator as accompanist, gave in June a recital at The Theatre of The Golden Bough, to a delighted and enthusiastic audience. Then followed the four concerts at the Greene studio, further revealing the musical and dramatic genius of the pair and gaining for them the recognition and admiration of the most critical.

Max Panteleieff came to us with a reputation thoroughly established. He is one of the three great singers from Russia who have been America's gain in recent years; Chaliapin the genius, Kipnis, who sang prominent roles with the Chicago Civic Opera, and Panteleieff. The last-named, previous to the war, spent four years in operatic work and had a wide experience on the concert platform in Russia. An army officer in the Russian army, his musical ability came to the attention of the military authorities and he was from that time employed in singing to the wounded soldiers and organizing musical programs for them.

At the time of the revolution, he left Russia for a concert tour through China and Japan. Later he became the leading baritone of the Russian Grand Opera company and with them toured China, Japan, the Philippines, Mexico, the United States, and Canada, singing in one hundred and forty cities in the two last-named countries. Before me lie one of Panteleieff's old programs, among them one of the Russian Grand Opera Company, from the Imperial Theatre, Moscow, playing in Montreal. The cover, the golden skyline of the domes of Moscow, against a deep blue background, is of Panteleieff's own designing. He was not only singer of the title roles of the operas produced, but also general director of the company which was the original star cast from the Imperial theatre.

After the disbanding of the Russian Grand Opera Company, in Mexico, Panteleieff returned to Montreal for a concert. Here, because of climatic advantages and because Montreal reminded him so much of his own Petrograd, he decided to remain and open a studio for teaching.

While in Montreal Panteleieff showed

his command of all branches of his art by producing Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov" and Rubinstein's "Demon". For these operas he designed the costumes, scenery and properties, supervised the chorus and prepared for their debut many of his best pupils, among whom was his future wife. The throne of Boris, used in the opera of that name, was a copy of a throne presented by the Shah of Persia to the original Boris Goudonov, tsar of Muscovy, a resplendent affair of solid gold, studded with turquoise. (This copy, by the way, is being sent out to the new studio in San Francisco.)

Much may be said regarding the excellence of Panteleieff's method with his pupils, but these pupils themselves are his best recommendation, far more comprehensible and commendatory to the average hearer than detailed and technical statements concerning voice production. One of his former students, for example, has just carried off a medal in a musical competition at Toronto. It is of interest to note that he has incidentally used his method with remarkable success in the correction and cure of impediments of speech and stammering, and especially in the restoration of lost voices.

Although Max Panteleieff has come to the west with no heralding flourish of acclaim, the discriminating in San Francisco and its suburbs have already recognized his genius by the enthusiasm with which his recent recital in the Berkeley theatre was received. Here he will soon give another recital with orchestral accompaniment. His studio at 2209 Van Ness avenue is capacious enough to accommodate his master classes and will also be used as a concert hall for recitals. We are glad to think that he will also continue his instruction here throughout the winter, coming down each fortnight for classes in Carmel.

The most casual observer must be struck by Panteleieff's dramatic ability. While he has given us, in several striking recitations, direct evidence of his competence as an actor, it is beyond all else the wonder and magnificence of his voice that thrills and quickens his hearers. We marvel at its resonance and flexibility and long to hear him give it full play in unconfined quarters, and with all the atmospheric aid of costuming and setting which an operatic role, combining the actor and the musician, can give.

And those of us who, through lack of familiarity, had not given our entire allegiance to Russian music are grateful to the Panteleieffs, who, with the help of Mrs. Lloyd's enlightening explanations, showed us its beauty and its more personal and intimate side and introduced us to its composers. There must have been some in the audiences to whom this music had been an undiscovered country—foreign—outside our sphere of sympathetic appreciation. It is as though these singers had lifted a light in a dark room, showing

us splendid things, until now unknown. They have spoken to us with the interpreted voice of a whole people, sounding in its varying tones the passion, beauty, pain and love which are akin in all mankind.

In his wife, Panteleieff has a telling example of the efficiency of his teaching method. After disheartening and disastrous experiences due to forcing and straining the vocal cords with other teachers, resulting in the complete loss of her voice, Consuelo Cloos came to Panteleieff for instruction. At first he did not allow her to sing. Gradually he instilled his own method and laid a new foundation. Of late Madame Panteleieff's progress has been rapid. As a result of previous incorrect teaching she still has difficulty in bridging the high and low registers and appears in concert with a heavy handicap, for the full benefit of her present instruction has yet to be achieved, but, as Panteleieff says, "Some day my wife will sing."

Consuelo Cloos gives her husband all credit for her present success. It was only by her adherence to his method that she could use and control her voice through her last concert, which, after a week's illness, she prepared for with only one rehearsal, and which, though few of us knew it, she sang "over" a heavy cold and at the end of a hectic day that had begun for her in San Francisco at 4 o'clock in the morning.

In the second concert, in which Consuelo Cloos was in her best voice, she gave us a foretaste of the delight she will one day bring to far greater audiences. She showed a delightful sympathy and spontaneity, and in the clear and natural notes of the higher registers especially, a rare purity of tone. Her Russian folk songs, given in costume, were entirely engaging and the haunting little refrain of the "Pedlar" was with us for many days. We will not soon forget the Panteleieff's duet rendition of that familiar and glorious old Russian hymn, the Kol Slavin. And at the last concert Consuelo Cloos's singing of Donald Ford's "Prayer to Our Lady" was thoroughly satisfying.

Janie Johnson proved herself at each concert to be a most competent and sympathetic accompanist.

Acknowledgement must also be made to the gracious host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Greene, for the excellent piano and the attractive studio.

For the music lovers of the Peninsula (where good music is all too rare) the Panteleieff concerts take rank with those two bright spots of last year, the Capella Choir and the Louis Persinger evening. But we are encouraged by the thought that the Panteleieffs now belong to California and that some day they may be induced to sing to us again, thereby shedding light in a musically bare and barren land.

—LESTER ROWNTREE

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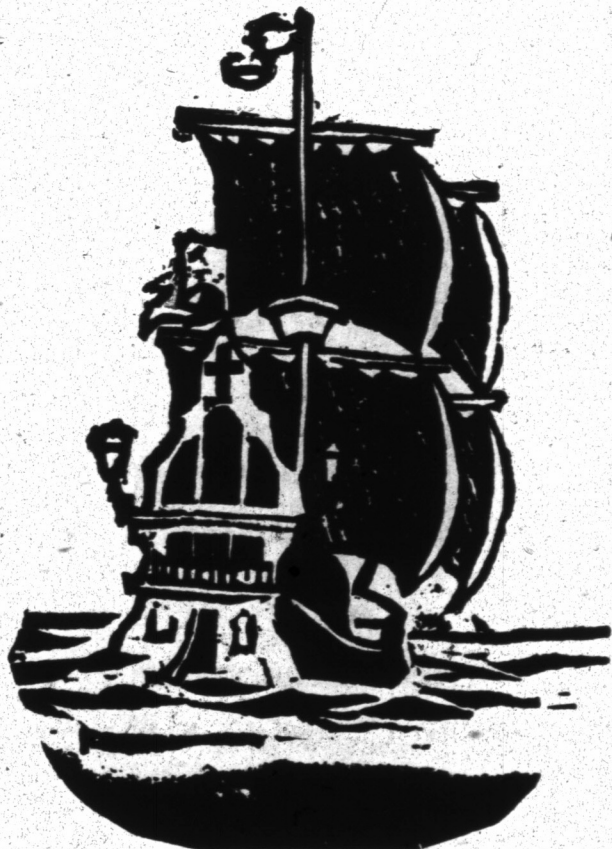
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de Grassi World Famous Violinist

It is a great treat for the Monterey Peninsula to hear the great violinist, Signor Antonio de Grassi, this Sunday afternoon, September 25. De Grassi recently appeared with Madame Schumann-Heink before seven thousand people at the Oakland Civic Auditorium. Also, at Festival Hall, Panama-Pacific Exhibition grounds, where he was given an ovation. The Morning Post of London said of him: "For so masterly a performance of the Chaconne it is necessary to turn the mind back to Joachim." La Sera, a Milan paper, reads that "Antonio de Grassi, wizard of the violin, achieved enormous success, and had to repeat amid continual applause, two numbers on his program." It is this great violinist who is to give a joint concert with E. Harold Dana and Rosalind Borowski at the Theatre of The Golden Bough on Sunday afternoon next.

CHRISTMAS PLAY AT THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

The management of the Theatre of The Golden Bough announces that during the week of Christmas there will be a production of "A Masque of the Nativity" by Rem Remsen. The "Masque" has evolved from the poetic side of "The Shepherd's Bridge", which was given here some two years ago. In its present form it is a sustained dramatic poem, unfolding a series of pictures or murals, with a continuous background of music and color.



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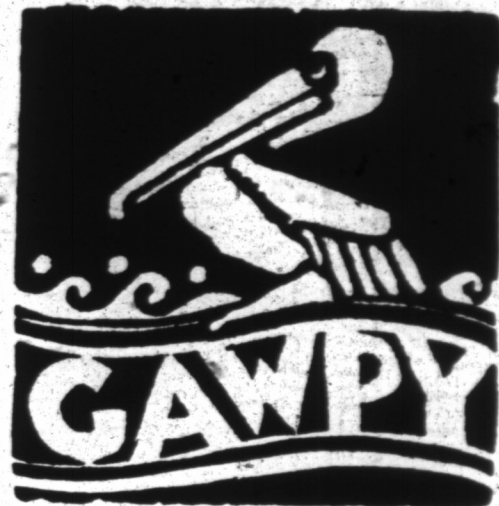
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Notice is given of a new offering of United States Treasury notes, in exchange for Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds. The new notes will be dated September 15, 1927, and will bear interest from that date at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. The notes will mature in five years but may be called for redemption after three years.

Interest on Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds surrendered and accepted in exchange will be paid to November 15, 1927. The price of the new issue of notes, is 100 1/4. Holders surrendering Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds in exchange will receive, at the time of delivery of the new notes, interest on such Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds from May 15, 1927, to November 15, 1927, less the premium on the new notes issued.

Holders of Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds who desire to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain Treasury notes of the new issue, should arrange with their bank for such exchange at the earliest possible date, as this offer will remain open only for a limited period after September 15th.

Further information may be obtained from banks or trust companies, or from any Federal Reserve Bank.

A. W. MELLON,
Secretary of the Treasury
Washington, D. C., September 6, 1927

GOTTFRIED AND HALE

DESIGNERS and BUILDERS

CARMEL

Telephone 61



STERLING TRAVEL SERVICE

Authorized Agents

TRANS-ATLANTIC and TRANS-PACIFIC LINES

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HELEN STERLING

FRITZ KREJCIK

Dolores Strees, Carmel,

Telephone 91

ARGO-NOUGHTS

TODAY I am issuing a warning to Chief of Police England. It is not an open letter, or even an editorial broadcast; just a nice, simple warning. A young man is coming to town today who very recently has been in dire trouble with the police of a big city—San Francisco, to be exact. Not with a mere policeman, either—that often happens when one has a slight argument with the traffic. This was a captain of police. The only strange thing about it is that Chief Dan O'Brien didn't look into the case.

The young man is Thorne Taylor Kinsey, aged almost two years. His father is a newspaperman, and a darned good one, which doesn't seem to count for anything with the police up there. One day this young criminal's mother was called to the door and told by a uniformed minion of the law that her son was in trouble; the neighbors next door objected violently to his taking a sun bath in the back yard of his parents' home without his bathing suit. Well, you all know Crais. She informed the police captain that it was her baby, and her back yard, and now Thorne takes his sunbaths as is, and I am just handing out a warning to Gus.

Yesterday morning Janie Johnston and I took part in a comic procession down Ocean avenue, not exactly a United Press affair, but one showing how easy it is for the representatives of two mighty papers to go to the dogs—or is it have the dogs come to us? We arrived in front of Minges, and at that moment "Blue" Clark, with two unknown friends, ran between Janie's feet, and she did part of a cart wheel in front of a large red car filled with expensive-looking people who eyed her askance. Then those hounds fought, they snarled, they barked. Janie and I are the bravest people in the world; we have to be in our unique calling to have the nerve to do it. We rushed into the fray. Janie kicked and cuffed. I gave advice and a few indirect slaps at the smallest dog's head. When we finally got the belligerent Blue to walk down the street with us we met Bernice Fraser and informed her indignantly that Blue had turned into a perfect devil. That woman, whom we have

always looked upon as a friend, said to us: "I'm not surprised; look who the poor dog is out with." That is the real reason why there is no ad. for Fraser Looms in this week's Cymbal.

—HILDA

CARL'S SERVICE STATION

ONE OF BEST IN STATE

One of the complete automobile service stations of the west is that of the Carl Auto Service which has recently opened for business at Sixth and Mission streets. The station, constructed at a cost of \$12,000, is complete in every detail. It has a special wash room, grease pits, where the greasing is done by air pressure; battery charging department, and an unique department for the handling of "front end" troubles. More than \$1,000 was expended on this department alone. There is also a gasoline and oil service station in connection with the business office.

And you all know Carl Harris. He has made himself indispensable in Carmel in all ranges of service from serving a 19 course dinner in the homes of the elite to changing a tire.

LECTURE ON DIET AT UNITY HALL FRIDAY

Miss Mary Forbes, a graduate of the Wilson College in Bombay, India, will lecture on Friday evening of this week at Unity Hall, Dolores street, on "The Relation of Diet to the Development of External Forms from Mental Concepts."

Miss Forbes was born and brought up in India. In 1896 she was sent to England and was presented at Queen Victoria's court by her cousin, Lady Cochrane of Woodbrook. On her return to India she plunged into the study of Indian philosophy and religion. Later she was sent by Sir Michael O'Dwyer to take charge of Her Highness the Rani of Mandi.

At this time the doctrine of immortality of the body was unfolded to her and she met several of the people who practice the philosophy of diet, belonging to the system. She travelled in Egypt, Turkey, Armenia, Greece, France and Italy with

the object of learning how far the Western Knowledge and science supported the claims of the old masters. In France she became a pupil of Andree Simon. She lectured before the Occult Circle of Paris and was later honored with letters from the Queen of Roumania.

NEW BOOKS AT THE GAME COCK LIBRARY

Now East-Now West Susan Ertz
Kingdom of Theophilus..... William Joeke
Aristocratic Miss Brewster... Jos. C. Lincoln
Angels' Flight Don Ryan
The Silent Queen..... N. Seymour Leslie
He Knew Women..... Peggy Whitehouse
Dream of a Woman..... Remy-de-Gourmant
Marriage of Harlequin..... Parmela Frankaw
Gideon Inez Haynes Irwin.

The GALLERY of the
Carmel Art Association
will be opened shortly in the
COURT of the SEVEN ARTS

ART MATERIALS

THE SEVEN ARTS
Seven Arts Building
Phone Seven

M. J. MURPHY CONTRACTING and BUILDING

BUILDING
MATERIALS

OFFICE TELEPHONE 153
YARD TELEPHONE 88 W

Carmel Garage

WE GUARANTEE YOU EXPERT MECHANICAL
SERVICE ON ALL MAKES OF CARS

COMPLETE MACHINE SHOP

TOWING — WASHING — LUBRICATING
TELEPHONE 112

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS
IN CARMEL AND VICINITY

(Furnished by Chas. T. Hecker)

DEED: Maude White Washburn and hus. to Talcott W. Seaver, Sept. 6, \$10. Lots in Carmel City in name of Miss Elizabeth White, now dec'd.

CANCELLATION OF ATTACHMENT Arthur Ernest to L. Rushing, Lot 12, Blk. 131, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

TRUST DEED: Joseph A. Burge and wife to tr. for Nucleus Bldg. and Loan Assoc., Sept. 10, \$2700. Lot 10, Blk. 50, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

DEED: Ray C. DeYoe and wf to Emilio Droguett and Anna Munoz Droguett Jt. tenants, July 30. \$30. Lot 3, Blk. 2, Carmel City.

DEED: Chris Rosales and wf to Florence M. Rosales, Sept. 13. \$10. Lots 7 and 9, Blk. 20, Carmel City.

DEED: Del Monte Prop. Co. to Hazelwood Ashby, June 7. \$10. Lot 32, Blk. 151, 1st. Add., Carmel Woods.

DEED: Del Monte Prop. Co. to Kenneth L. Roberts. June 7, \$10 2.241 acs., El Pescadero rd.

PARTIAL RECONVEYANCE: American Trust Co. to Lewis M. Terman & wf., Same as following deed.

DEED: Lewis M. Terman & wf. to F. P. Howard, Aug 12, Lot 9 & N $\frac{1}{2}$ of Lot 11, Blk. 144, Add No. 2, Carmel

NOTICE OF COMPLETION: Eloy Blk. 47, Carmel City.

Phillips, Sept 13, Bldg on Lots 1 & 3, TRUST DEED: Susan B. Whittaker & hus to tr for Grace W. Wood, Sept. 10. \$2500. West part lot 3, Blk. A3, Add. No. 6, Carmel.

RECONVEYANCE: V. J. LaMotte et al to Virginia Young Stanton & hus, Lot 1, Blk. X, Add. No. 1, Carmel.

RECONVEYANCE: V. J. La Motte et al to Virginia Young Stanton & hus, Lot 3, Blk. X, Add. No. 1, Carmel.

DEED: Virginia Young Stanton & hus to Henry W. C. Giles & Lilian Giles, Jt. tenants, Aug. 25. \$10. Lots 1 & 3, Blk. X, Add. No. 1, Carmel.

TRUST DEED: Henry W. C. Giles & wf to tr for Bank of Italy, N. T. S. A. Sept 14, \$2500. Same as above deed.

PARTIAL RELEASE OF MORTGAGE: D. Napoli to George M. Dorwart & wf, Lots 11, to 15, 17-18-21 to 26, 31 to 40, 51 to 55, 77-82-83 to 87, 89 to 97, 104-105, 137-138-161-173. Laureles Outing Club.

DEED: George M. Dorwart & wf to D. Napoli & Antonina Napoli, Jt. tenants. Sept. 12. \$10. Lots 11-12-13-14-15-77. Laureles Outing Club. Res. Rt. of Way.

LITTLE ADS.

FOR SALE Household furniture. Living room reed set. Antique walnut dining table and five chairs. Two bedroom sets. 39 No. Casanova, Carmel.

FOR EXCHANGE Two acres in new Palo Alto subdivision for Carmel lots or house and lot. Clear. What have you? Box D., Cymbal. 2t

VIOLINS and other musical instruments, or high class articles in wood repaired by Phillips at Rogers Fixit Shop, San Carlos between Ocean avenue and 7th.

HIGH SCHOOL girl wants to care for children after school hours, and occasional evenings. Address Box 485, Carmel.

NATIVE Frenchman, 21, Educated in Paris, wishes position tutoring, or will teach French by the hour. Experience. References. Box 1075, Carmel.

WOMAN with grown son wishes place as caretaker or working housekeeper for adults. Excellent cook. My son is employed. Best of references. Address Mrs. S., Care of The Cymbal.

THE ADOBE
GIFT SHOP
and
TEA ROOMLunches Served
BooksTelephone
324535 Polk Street
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HOMES AND BUILDINGS

I have constructed in Carmel form a record of which I am proud. They constitute performance that speaks much louder than promise. I will gladly confer with you on designs, plans and specifications.

PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
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YOU CANNOT GET
FINER JOB PRINTING
ON THE PENINSULA
THAN THAT DONE BY

THE
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CALIFORNIA

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John Catlin

Carmel

AND YOU CAN GO
STILL FARTHER
AND NOT EXCEED IT.



The cool, refreshing rooms of homes built with Celotex offer pleasant relief from sultry outside heat.

Your home can be a cool retreat on sweltering summer days

WITH Celotex built into walls, ceilings and roof, your home will never be hot and stuffy, no matter how the sun beats down outside. And even on the coldest days of winter it will not be chilly or draughty. It will be quiet, in spite of the roar of traffic outside.

Far from being an extra expense, Celotex actually saves money. When Celotex is properly used, you can plan less radiation and a smaller heating plant. Thus broad strong boards of Celotex add little or nothing to the first cost of building. And when used throughout Celotex will pay for the com-

fort it brings by saving about one-third your fuel money, year after year.

In houses already built, Celotex lines attics and basements. This brings much of the comfort and fuel saving of protecting the whole house with Celotex. If you are going to live where you are for even one year longer, line your attic with Celotex.

More than 147,000 homes have been made more comfortable with Celotex in five short years. Write or phone for

the Celotex Building Book giving complete information.

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